Old man. I my Lord.
Glost. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine.
Ith' way to Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.
Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.
Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
Aboue the rest, be gone.
Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.
Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.
Glo. Come hither fellow.
Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Douer*?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnesse,
Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of Mobing,
And *Moking* who since possesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee master.
Glo. Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excesse,
And each man haue enough: dost thou know Douer?
Edg. I master.
Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And ile repaire the misery thou
With something rich about me
From that place shall I no leadi
Edg. Giue me thy arme, poor

Enter Gonoril

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I m
Not met vs on the way: now,

Enter S

Stew. Madame within, but n
of the Army that was landed, h
coming, his answer was, the w
the loyall seruice of his sonne,
me for, and told me I had turn
should most desire, seemes plea
Gon. Then shall you go no
It is the cowish curre of his sp
That dares not vndertake, hee
Which tye him to an answer, o
May proue effects, backe *Edm*
Hasten his musters, and condu
I must change armes at home,
Into my husbands hands; this
Shall passe betweene vs, ere lo
If you dare venter in your ow
A mistresses coward, weare th
Decline your head: this kisse
Would stretch thy spirits vp i
Conceiue, and faryewell.
Bast. Yours in the rankes o
Gon. My most deare Gloste
My foote vsurpes my head.
Stew. Madame, heere come

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